

NATURE STUDIES.

MIDDLE AGE.

I HAVE heard many men talk very seriously about middle age, but it was generally the middle age of other people, not their own. In referring to their own years they usually spoke with an air of jocoseness which did not well conceal their anxiety to be reassured. What, as a matter of fact, they wished the friend whom they addressed to say was something of this kind:—"Middle-aged, my dear chap! You! Why, you're younger than you ever were in your life. It'll be time enough to talk about middle age in another ten years."

And the friend, if he had a grain of tact, would certainly come up to the scratch gallantly with some genial remark of the sort. If such things happen to besaid to you, don't you find yourself afterwards walking with a springier step, as if you were prepared to ruffle it with the best of them in any of the bold and dashing adventures specially suited to youth? Honestly it's not a bit of use. Look at that grey-haired old servant pottering about the Club library. You can remember him when his hair was black and glossy, when his waist was slim in the Club livery, and when he bustled as if nothing could tire him. How long ago was that? And how old were you at that time? It is a shock to observe these living and palpably aging reminders of one's own vanished elasticity, but the shock is probably good for you.

Or you can pay a visit to your old University and plunge again into that fountain of perennial boyhood. Those were the rooms JACK used to keep in. You remember with a shudder the night when in mere wantonness you let yourself down from them into the Court by means of sheets knotted together. What would you take to do it now? And JACK? Last week the newspapers announced his elevation to a bishopric and gave him high praise for his learning, his piety and his doctrinal orthodoxy. Who else kept in the Court? EDWARD was one, and now he is a headmaster; and TOM was another, and you are godfather to his boy, who rowed last summer in his College Eight. There are ghosts in the Court, too, ghosts in flannels and football boots, or in the easy suits of dittoes that the young affected many years ago, and they are shouting and laughing and trolling songs, and altogether behaving as if nothing in the wide world mattered—not Deans or tutors

or lecturers or even the inexorable years themselves. Yes, it was a delightful time, and its memory cannot fade, but to come upon it like this is a little disconcerting.

I met, not long ago—it was a distinguished, a never-to-be-forgotten honour—an undergraduate, a great athlete and, I must add, a thoroughly pleasant companion. What, however, pleased me chiefly about him was, not the list of his triumphs, but the extraordinary vivacity of his youth, both as to bodily enterprise and as to animal spirits. He could turn the most beautiful somersaults on a lawn or on the floor of a room; he could throw cart-wheels; he could walk on his hands for fifty yards and then, with a swift convulsion of his being,

could erect himself suddenly on his feet; and he held and expressed the opinion that at the age of twenty-eight it was still, perhaps, possible for a man to be fairly active. Beyond this he would not go. He bore his part with animation amongst his elders, though he was often heard to say that politics were in his judgment a dull and confusing pursuit, and that literature was even worse as a subject for conversation. He was happiest when he was playing with the small children of the house, and I never knew his spirits and his gay self-confidence to be depressed except upon the rare occasions when he was forced to a desk in order to write a letter, a pursuit which he frankly abhorred. "I say, old chap," I have heard him call out on such an occasion, "do you spell 'bicycle' with an i or a y?" When the answer came, "With both," he ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" in a tone of such deep despair that one might have supposed the very foundations of his world to be crumbling beneath his feet. Yet he was twenty-one years old, and responsible in the eyes of the law for such debts as he might incur.

For myself, I could wish to lose a certain amount of my poor ability in spelling if I could lose with it some of my encumbering years and be a barbarian once more. But I am under no illusions, for it was but a short time ago that an amiable young man—a German he was, but not otherwise hostile—rose as I approached, and offered me his chair. On my protesting that I couldn't think of taking it, he smiled a very pleasant smile and said, with polite insistence: "Pray sit down. For me it does not matter; I have young legs and can stand, but it would not be right that you should remain standing." I thanked him, and took the chair.



"I SAY, AUNTIE, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY MAN WITH THE RED COAT?"

"HE'S BEEN HUNTING, DEAR."

"OH,—HE HASN'T CAUGHT MUCH, HAS HE, AUNTIE?"

WHY WALES WON.

DRUIDICAL AND BARDIC INFLUENCES.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AND WELSH RABBIT.

ARE THE NEW ZEALANDERS A DEGENERATE RACE?

EFFECT OF GEYSERS AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. SEDDON AS A PHYSICAL IDEAL.

[NOTE.—*Mr. Punch* cannot necessarily guarantee the statements or endorse the conclusions which appear in this article. But he is confident that the general sense of it is as sound as that of other articles, published elsewhere, in which the previous successes of the representatives of New Zealand have been explained on the ground of that country's superiority, physical, social, and moral, over the degenerate Motherland.]

WHILE the echoes of the Welsh triumph are still ringing through the mountain fastnesses of the Principality, the student of ætiology will not be content to dismiss this remarkable occurrence as a mere detached incident in the everyday world of sport. He will look deeper; he will investigate causes, primary, secondary, and immediate. He will say: Here is the spectacle of a country of the most exiguous area inflicting a crushing defeat (by however small a margin) upon another country almost

TWENTY TIMES ITS SIZE.

Here is the spectacle of a practically untried combination overcoming one that for the last two months or more has been steadily perfecting itself in competition with teams of every variety, including scratch fifteens representing Scotland, Ireland, and the amateur section of England. It is impossible to explain this overwhelming superiority without scientific reference to racial characteristics, the influences of tradition, physical environment, and so forth.

And, in the first place, we must remember that the Cymry have always enjoyed a certain sense of confidence born of the success of their defensive tactics against the Saxons, who constantly failed to defeat them on the home ground. Then, again, football was the

NATIONAL GAME OF THE DRUIDS.

The influence of hierarchies on the sports of a people can never be overestimated. The popularity of Ju-jitsu is directly traceable to the ancient Shinto cult; the Olympic Games were under the habitual patronage of the priesthoods of Zeus and Hera; and it is from the ritual of Odin that the Scandinavians derive their passion for Ski-ing.

Secondly, the influence of the Bards cannot be ignored. Ear-witnesses of the impromptu Eisteddfod which was so remarkable a feature of the Cardiff match, after enjoying the privilege of comparing the Maori war-song with the national hymn of Wales, as

POURED FORTH FROM 50,000 PATRIOTIC THROATS, assert that so paralysing was the domination of the latter that victory was already won before the leather was so much as set in motion.

Thirdly, there is the question of language. It has been well said that a man who can conquer the difficulty of the Welsh tongue can conquer anything. Further, its effect upon the

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAXILLARY ORGANS

has no parallel in history. And it must not be forgotten how big a part is played by the jaw-bone both as a propelling force in the scrimmage, and as an instrument for use in colloquution with the referee.

Among immemorial traditions conducive to patriotic fervour in the football field may be mentioned the Welsh Rabbit, symbol of fleetness; and the tale of Taffy, Welshman and Thief, an obvious gloss upon that national reputation for sleight-of-hand which has fallen to the heritage of the present three-quarter line.

Passing from prehistoric origins to the lower middle ages, we have

OWEN GLENDOWER LEADING THE WELSH SCRUM

to victory in a long series of international games, and to the end undefeated by the combination which overthrew the famous Hotspur team (at that time playing under the Rugby code) in the match at Hateley Field by Shrewsbury.

In more recent times Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (a local hero) has taken Cabinet rank; and the Lord Mayor of CARDIFF (a still more local worthy) has made himself conspicuous in other ways.

The pride of memories such as these, both old and new, must have acted as a powerful stimulant to the nerves, and added something to that virility which one invariably associates with an atmosphere of anthracite coal-dust.

Turning to the New Zealanders, we have to ask ourselves whether the quality of degeneracy (a term usually employed in explanation of British defeats) can fairly be predicated of so young a race. I am rather inclined to attribute their débâcle to

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

But it is not to their history and traditions (still in the elementary stages of construction) that we must look for the causes of this arrest, but rather to natural environment and social and political institutions. Under the first head I have only time to mention the Geysers, or boiling springs, which are a feature of those unfortunate islands. I know of

NOTHING MORE ENERVATING THAN A GEYSER.

No country that produces them has ever become a First-Class Power without a desperate struggle.

Iceland has Geysers, and that is where the Prodigal Son came from. Further, in New Zealand, as in Iceland, you have those extremes of heat and cold which are so injurious to the system: Geysers at one end of the thermometer and Frozen Lamb at the other.

Then there is the institution of Female Suffrage. Where the women of a nation become men, its men are apt to become women. No less a person than XERXES is my authority for this generalization, based on a remark let fall by him, from a safe distance, at the battle of Salamis.

Finally, in the person of the Right Hon. RICHARD SEDDON, New Zealand's ideal figure, we have a standard of physical culture which

MAKES FOR NATIONAL OBESITY.

His bodily dimensions (quite apart from his tendency to mental tumidity) cannot but have exerted a baleful influence upon his loyal subjects, discouraging that abstinence and self-restraint which are essential to a perfect training, and more than counter-balancing the admirable example offered by the svelte and almost ascetic figure of the Hon. W. P. REEVES, High Commissioner for the Colony.

These drawbacks notwithstanding—and, after all, though the football-players of New Zealand may have had a hand in the establishment of Female Suffrage, Frozen Lamb, and Mr. SEDDON, yet they cannot be held

RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR PREMIER'S PROPORTIONS,

nor for the Geysers—I must believe that this promising young country, by strict attention to its physique, will eventually distinguish itself and send out a combination worthy to cross shins with the all-conquering Cymry. O. S.



A GOING CONCERN.

SNOW MAN (to himself). "I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME 'PROTECTION' AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING!"





Hostess. "DON'T YOU SING, MR. BINKS?"

Binks. "NO—ER—I—HUM—ER—"

Hostess. "OH, I'M AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BE HEARD IN THIS LARGE ROOM. THANKS, SO MUCH!"

[Terrible disappointment of Binks, who was simply dying to recite "Tam o' Shanter."]

WHITEWASH.

[In his new tragedy, shortly to be presented at His Majesty's, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is understood to have attempted the rehabilitation of the character of NERO. So desperate a task is beyond the powers of the present writer. He is content to bring forward one circumstance in that monarch's earlier career, which should add something of compassion to the resentment with which we regard his deplorable lapses from virtue.]

FRIENDS, Readers, Countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to whitewash NERO, not to praise him.

His was the first of criminal careers

(Unless the lurid record of his years

Wrongly portrays him).

Slain at the age of rising thirty-two,

He filled the Cup of Vice to overflowing:

Much that was better left unknown, he knew;

And what he didn't know, if tales be true,

Was not worth knowing.

But as a youth he was not wholly bad;

When he was crowned, men said to one another,

"By Jove! A worthy and a studious lad;"

And so he was, until—oh passing sad!—

He lost his Mother!

That was the turning point. While she was there

He lived comparatively free from scandal;

He knew the sweetness of a Mother's care;
Felt the correcting arm, that did not spare
A Mother's sandal.

Who knows? Perchance, had she been near to guide,

His reign had been less lamentably shady:

But, on the morning of his regal pride,

With disconcerting suddenness, she died!

The poor old lady!

Oh, not to trespass on an orphan's grief,

'Twas from that time he took to paths of error

(Thinking, no doubt, that change would bring relief),

Made it a habit, and became, in brief,

A holy terror.

I say no more. But though his deeds were dark

They hold a pathos that no crime can smother;

Young NERO would have doubtless made his mark

Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,

Murdered his Mother! DUM-DUM.

At Cardiff.

Welsh Farmer. Cootpye, Mr. SHONES, cootpye. I will see you on Montay, whateffer.

Excursionist from Yorkshire (to friend). Haow foonyy t' fowks do tark in this paart t' coontry!

THE SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Labby" speaking from the corner seat below the Gangway.

Monday.—Another figure vanishing from a corner seat below the Gangway. Ghosts haunt it. In succession men as diverse as DILWYN and GRANDOLPH sat there. The last to go (from the opposite side) was JEMMY LOWTHER. Now the SAGE OF QUEEN'S ANNE'S GATE withdraws, happily no further off than Florence, but still too distant to be in time for prayers at Westminster and so secure his coign of vantage.

Mr. GEDGE carried into his retirement pained conviction that the SAGE's tenure of the place was not founded on constitutional usage. According to unwritten law of Parliament, private Members secure for current sitting a particular place by attendance at time of prayer. Then and then only are cards procurable, which, stuck in the back of the seat with the Member's name writ upon them, mark it for his own. Mr. GEDGE, who missed no gathering where "Amen!" might be loudly said, was constant in attendance at prayers. In course of time he was struck by recurrence of strange thing. He never observed the Member for Northampton among his fellow devotees. Yet

at question time there he was, in the corner seat mocking at Ministers.

Mr. GEDGE smelt a rat. Nay, he saw it moving in the air. Resolved to catch it. One day at prayer time he, with innocent air of casualty, moved from his accustomed seat to one below the Gangway in full view of LABBY's seat in which, at that moment, DILKE chanced to be. (When he came to think of it, DILKE always *was* there at prayer time.) Covering his face with his hands in devotional attitude, Mr. GEDGE strategically opened his fingers so that he might see what passed. What he beheld was DILKE furtively sticking a card at the back of the corner seat and another for himself in the seat adjoining!

When at question time the SAGE entered and took the corner seat, Mr. GEDGE peached. The House laughed, the SPEAKER solemnly shook his head, and characterised the procedure as out of order. All the same, the SAGE kept the corner seat, rising thence on the eve of Prorogation last August to deplore afresh the conduct of the Government.

Through six Parliaments he has been triumphantly returned by the men

of Northampton. A strange alliance, the grim cobblers and the cynical man of the world. But it was firmly welded and, come what might, in whatsoever low-water the Liberal Party might droop, LABBY was Member for Northampton. Of late years he has not been much to the fore, but to the end he remained a Parliamentary institution. Between 1886 and 1892 he was in his prime, and did much to contribute to the downfall of the SALISBURY Government which befel in the latter year. It was naturally expected that he would gain the customary reward by the proffer of office in the new Ministry he had helped to create. But something happened. He was left out, and in spite of cynical indifference to place and rank he was never the same man in the House of Commons.

At his best he delighted a staled assembly with the freshness of his views, the piquancy of his criticism. He cherished a generous forbearance for sheer incompetence. That no man so doomed could help. But for pretence or fraud, hypocrisy or self-seeking, he had a keen eye, swooping down upon the sinner with a sweet smile, a soft voice that made more effective the ruthlessness of attack.

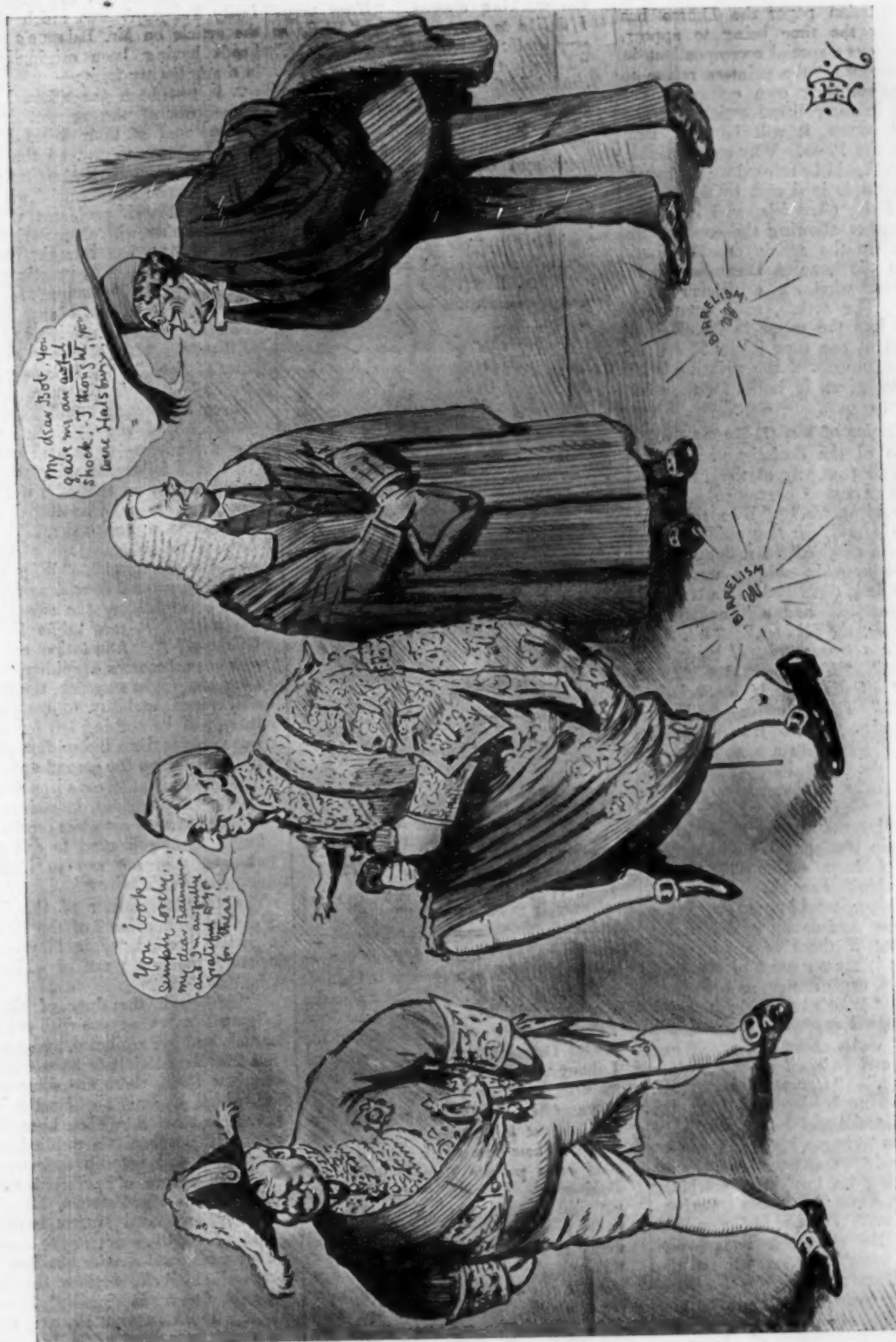
The House could better have spared a duller man. The MEMBER FOR SARK goes about with saddened mien, murmuring his "Lament for LABBY":

But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flower of Northampton is a' wede away.

HONOURED IN THE BRIDGE AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

MR. RAVEN-HILL exhibits his *Bridge Problems* (LAURENCE AND JELLI COE) in four tableaux which have already appeared in these pages. For this show he has touched 'em up with a paint-brush. They are very effective, and having already secured popularity in black-and-white attire they will be especially well received, at this season of the year, as excellent specimens of *rouge, noir, et couleur*. At a moderate price they will be dear, in another sense, to Bridge players, just as are JOHN LEECH's inimitable hunting scenes to all sportsmen, ancient and modern.

Each picture tells its own story, though some of them may cause discussion among Bridge-players as to the artist's intention; but there will be no difference of opinion as to the meaning of "Why did he declare hearts?" which situation speaks for itself, as evidently the male partner intends to speak for himself when the play is over, and the words have to be spoken in earnest. Anyone who wants to have "a real good set" in his house at Christmas time could not do better than offer the hospitality of his walls to these Bridgers.



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 1.

IN THE DISCOMPOSING ROOM.

THE Russian paper the *Razsvet* has ceased for the time being to appear, because, says a special correspondent in St. Petersburg, "the printers refuse to work unless their own comments are inserted in the political articles." The simplest causes, it will be seen, may paralyse the Press. Why so reasonable a request should be refused we fail to see.

Our attitude is shared by the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, who tried the experiment of allowing the compositors who set up the article on Mr. JOHN BURNS in the issue of December 18 to interpolate whatever criticisms they wished. The article, as a matter of fact, got into the paper in its original form, but at one time it ran like this, i.e., the comments of the printing staff being here given in italics for the sake of clarity:—

Critics of Mr. (P) Burns.

Some of the Socialist newspapers are girding angrily at the President of the Local Government Board. "Quite right, too." "Who says so? If it's Jim Black that said that, let him come outside." Mr. JOHN BURNS has not been in office a week, but already he is described as "a traitor," an "apostate," and a "backslider." "So he is, the blighter." "No, he's not, he's a true patriot if there ever was one." "How about that £2,000 salary? Calls himself a Socialist, does he?" These abusive—"They're not abusive, they're just. Abusive yourself"—epithets are not likely to disturb the equanimity of a man who is only anxious to serve his fellows—"Oh, is he?" "Yes he is"—and who has not renounced any of his democratic ideals. "What about that £2,000, I keep asking?" "Well, you wouldn't have the man work for nothing, would you?" When will these acidulated critics understand that if there is anything in Socialism it must consist of constructive action, organisation, and administration? "Who's acidulated? Think we're drops, I suppose." "I tell you I know John Burns through and through, and he's all right. He's a good man." "Honest John." Mr. BURNS has never departed from the ideals of social well-being which he held when he began his public career. While his detractors have been talking and talking he has been working. "Talking, indeed! Haven't we been working too? I know jolly well I have!" He can look back upon eighteen years' arduous toil on the London County Council for the benefit of the whole community, and particularly of labour, while his services in the House of Commons

have been of incalculable value to the working classes. "Have they? I'd like to know how." "Well, so you shall: Johnnie Burns has..." "Time, Gentlemen, please. You can't hold the pen all night, Mr. Clever, you know. I want my turn too." He now occupies a position where his practical knowledge of local government and his administrative ability will have free play. "Yes, at £2,000 a year. What I want to know is, what price £2,000 a year for a Socialist?" "Go and boil your head." His detractors might at any rate wait until Mr. BURNS has had his oppor-



Dick and Harry (who have lost themselves).
"PLEASE, MR. POLICEMAN, COULD YOU TELL US THE WAY TO THE THEATRE?"

Policeman (in surprise). "THEATRE!"

Dick. "Yus. WE'RE THE TWO HIMPS OF MERRIMENT AT THE PANTHERMINE."

tunity before launching their arrows against him. The accession to Cabinet office of a champion of Labour and a constant friend of the poor like JOHN BURNS ought to rejoice the heart of the Social Democrat and the Independent Labour man. "Why? That isn't what we sent Burns to Parliament for. We sent him there to be a working man like us, not a blooming toff." "You silly ass, how can he do you so much good as a private member as in the Cabinet?" Instead of thankfulness we find bitterness; instead of gratitude, reproaches. To win the confidence of English Socialists you must talk and theorise. To attempt action is an unpardonable sin. "Well, well. Next article, please." "Down with John Burns!" "Three cheers for John Burns!" "Good old Burns!"

The experience of the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph* was much the same, the article on Mr. BALFOUR's speech at Leeds having been originally set up in the following form:—

It has been the affected habit of members of the present Ministerial party and of their faithful shadows in the Press to pretend that they did not understand the attitude which Mr. BALFOUR has assumed with regard to the Fiscal problems which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with characteristic vigour and ability, has brought once more within the range of practical politics. "Faithful shadow yourself!" "What price the Duke, and George Hamilton, and Balfour of Burleigh and Arthur Elliot?" "No blooming side about any of them." "Who's he getting at, then?" "Joe's the man for me!" There is enough intelligence at the command of the Radicals—there is not a plethora—to compel our belief that this failure to understand is as much a pose as that of a well-known sporting Judge, who asked counsel "What is a bookmaker?" "Look here, I'm not going to stand being called a plethora!" "Why can't he say 'Awkins and have done with it?'" "He's got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It was 'Who is Connie Gilchrist?'" Affectation carried to extremes becomes stupidity, and if, after last night's speech, the Radicals still plead inability to comprehend, there will be nothing left for us to do but apply to them the epithet bestowed by VOLTAIRE on the second author who compared his mistress's lips to a rosebud. "Roundabout, longwinded talk when carried to extremes becomes bunkum." "If you want to call a man an ass, why not say so instead of dragging in Voltaire?"

The talented Editor of the *Outlook* published in his issue of the 16th inst. an article headed "Fair Play and No Quarter," the first proof of which read as follows:—

"Although the duty of the new Opposition is to oppose with at least as much energy, vigilance, and resource as the Ministerialists have employed against them, there are some things in which Unionists will set a better example than they have been shown. They will not forget the public interest; and they will not dip their weapons in that venom of personal rancour with which Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord MILNER have been assailed. "Oh, won't they! Just you wait a bit until you've got into your stride." "Well, anyhow the Tories didn't forget the 'public' interest." . . . Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, always a vastly over-rated critic, has been in the last few years an exceptionally

industrious and offensive partisan; we can only regret that the Radical party's universal provider of ordinary platform fustian should be made Minister of Education. "That's more like fair play, ain't it?" "What's the matter with the Universal Provider? He's all right!"

The troubles of Tsardom formed the theme of a recent article in *The Spectator*, which, when first set up, presented the following appearance:—

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

A far-away memory comes to us of an eminent explorer's description of the doubts which for some time he entertained as to whether a body of water that he was following was a tributary of a great lake which he had lately left, or an outlet from that inland sea towards a distant ocean. "A trifle foggy that for the opening par." "What has Stanley in Central Africa got to do with the state of Russia?" "O never mind, he'll get there in another stick or two." At one spot the current, such as it was, seemed lakeward; not very far away it was plainly flowing in the opposite direction; while between those points there was a dense growth of reed and cane which made any certain observation practically impossible. "Rather like one of Mr. Balfour's fiscal speeches." "Cheer up, mateys, we shall get to Russia in time." Somewhat similarly, those who now watch the Russian situation—so distant and obscure, though the telegraph, when working, gives it a delusive appearance of nearness—are unable to form any clear conclusion as to the direction in which events will ultimately be determined. "Then why did you sit down to write an article on 'The State of Russia'?" In a few months' time, it may be, there will be no doubt as to the future set of the current of Russian national life—"Yes, that's quite on the cards,"—but at the present moment it is impossible to say with any confidence whether it is heading backwards towards the sands of reaction, or moving forward to become a fertilising river of liberty, or gathering force for the rush of a wild torrent of destruction. "Heading backwards—sounds like a football match." "Oh, Lor! there's another column yet to come!" "Chinese labour's nothing to this."

"As a matter of fact, electricity is absolutely the only safe means of electrically lighting a railway train."—*The Electrical Review*.

Mr. Punch, though not in possession of technical knowledge on this point, hazards the belief that the above statement is correct.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Cabby. "I 'AD A BEARD LIKE YOURS ONCE, BUT WHEN I FOUND WHAT IT MADE ME LOOK LIKE, I GOT IT CUT OFF."

Buasy. "AN' I 'AD A FACE LIKE YOURS ONCE, AN' WHEN I FOUND I COULDN'T GET IT CUT OFF, I GREW A BEARD."

FAILURE.

Now the Old Year in senile weakness lies,
Fast drawing to his close;
And in my bosom bitter thoughts arise,
That make me dash the tear-drops from
my eyes,
And fiercely blow my nose.

It is not that in this sad hour I weep
For each forgotten vow;
'Tis not remorse that will not let me sleep
For broken promises I swore to keep;
I'm used to that by now.

It is not that I mourn for chances tossed
Without a thought aside,

For Fortune's proffered gifts supinely
lost;

I very much prefer to blow the cost,
And let such matters slide.

But this regret within my bosom gnaws,
That, though I've made prodigious efforts to assimilate its laws,
With patience worthy of a better cause,
I have not learned to Bridge!

FROM the Gloucestershire Echo:

ARCADIAN FANCY DRESS BALL;
WAVERLEY ROOMS, CHELTENHAM.
Dress optional.

This is indeed your true Arcadia.



OUR ELECTION.

Giles. "I DON'T KNOW WHICH ON 'EM I SHALL VOTE FOR. THEY BOTH BIN ROUND 'ERE, AN' NEITHER OF 'EM CAN TELL I WOT'S THE MATTER WI' THIC THER' PIG!"

AN EXACT SCIENCE.

[Miss EMILY HOLT has written a book entitled "The Secret of Popularity," in which the road to social success is described as "An Exact Science." Some of its more valuable rules are here reproduced.]

WOULD you, O my Sister, have the women hand-in-glove with you,
All the men in love with you,
Thinking you divine;
People thronging round your door in infinite variety,
Seeking your society,
Begging you to dine?
Then come—nay, do not turn from me—I'll teach you charm
and tact:
As you will shortly learn from me, the Science is exact.

Practise with a looking-glass the graceful art of meeting friends,
Fancy you are greeting friends,
Aim at glad surprise;
Cultivate a happy smile, catch your breath, look rapturous—
That's the way to capture us—
Welcome with your eyes,
And learn to gush "How sweet, my dear, to see you up in
town!
It's really quite a treat, my dear! And how is Mr. BROWN?"

Ply with utmost diligence the subtle art of listening;
Sit with eyes a-glistening,
Lips the least apart.
Never mind however much your visitor is boring you;
Know he is adoring you
And grateful in his heart.
Be sure that he will gad about and sing aloud your praise,
Till all the world is mad about your sympathetic ways.
When you meet a friend at tea who's been to Rome or Hanover,
Call that bashful man over,
Draw your frills aside.
Bid him share your sofa with a little gesture prettily,
Ask about dear Italy;
"Was it azure-skied?"
"Was Jupiter so Pluvius?" and punctuate his prose
Account of Mount Vesuvius with little "Ahs" and "Ohs."
Laugh, too, when he tells you tales of continental travelling.
Never take to cavilling,
However old the brand.
When he takes his leave of you, at once assume an attitude
Of deferential gratitude,
And warmly press his hand.
This way lies popularity. Of course, there's none who thinks
You savour of vulgarity, and are, in short, a minx.



A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN! BUMPERS ALL! TO PEACE AND GOODWILL!!"



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHARIVARIA.

As a reward for beating the "All Blacks," plucky little Wales, it is said, is to have Disestablishment.

"Your Imperial thinkers, your Imperial drinkers, your landlords, your Randlords, your philosophic doubters, your Imperial shouters, your shufflers, and your scufflers—there they lie in one mingled mass of misery." The foregoing is an extract from a speech by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and one can well understand that anyone who sets himself the task of delivering such elaborate *jeux d'esprit* after dinner does well to be a teetotaler.

"A Mother of Three" writes to protest against the proposed change in our sailors' costumes, as she considers due notice has not been given. She has just had her little boys (whose long curls are always so much admired) rigged out as able-bodied seamen, and it will be a cruel hardship if they are now to become "back numbers."

At many British military messes, we hear, officers are fined by their comrades if they appear in a "made-up" dress-tie. We believe there is no similar regulation in the Japanese Army, and, if this be true, the successes of our allies in the recent war become all the more remarkable.

Upon being served with some stale fish in a restaurant in Paris, a Mexican threw the dish at the waiter, the water-bottle at a gentleman who interfered, and afterwards fired his revolver at the proprietor. It is supposed that the Mexican must have lost his temper.

The coolness of our firemen has often been admired. At a recent conflagration some of them were observed to be actually playing on the flames.

With reference to the police constable who was seen running in a West-End street last week, a satisfactory explanation is now given. The officer was going off duty.

Some excitement, we hear, was caused at a Charity Bazaar, last week, by the appearance of an old gentleman, of weak intellect, in bathing costume. He explained that he had come for the six-penny dip.

A pretty novelty has just been placed upon the market in the form of a dainty gold chain for attachment to false teeth: It is pinned to the lapel of the coat or hung round the neck.

A Chinaman has been sent to prison



HARD TO PLEASE.

Lady (to Shopwalker, who has personally conducted her on grand tour round toyshop for the last hour or so). "No, THANKS. I DON'T THINK I CARE FOR ANY OF THESE. PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING FRESH TO-MORROW!"

at Bangkok for stealing clothes by means of a fishing-rod. The custom of catching fur-coats in a butterfly-net has long been *démodé* in the best circles.

We hear that a new monthly to be devoted to the interests of violinists is in contemplation. Suggested title, *The Strad Magazine*.

At last, we hear, a satisfactory title has been found for a play to succeed worthily "The Worst Woman in London." It is so simple that one wonders that it should not have occurred to anyone before. It is to be "The Worst Woman in England," and the new play is to be followed successively by "The Worst Woman in England and Wales," "The Worst Woman in Europe," and "The Worst Woman Anywhere."

At a meeting of the shareholders of BARNUM AND BAILEY, Limited, it was declared that showmen received salaries almost as large as those of Cabinet

Ministers. The scandal just now, in the opinion of many, is the other way round.

In reply to "Anxious Enquirer," we think that no present is appreciated by a smart young man quite so much as a worked smoking-cap. In fact, the majority of our bachelor friends have three in constant use. They put on a richly embroidered one when smoking a cigar, a less elaborate one for cigarettes, and, for pipes, a quite plain one, with no trimming at all.

We are now in a position to state the real facts about the King of SPAIN. It is true that HIS MAJESTY is engaged to Princess ENA OF BATTENBERG, but at present it is a secret.

Friendly messages have been exchanged between Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the German Government. It will be remembered that they have interests in common. Both are in favour of Free Trade—for Great Britain.

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

NO. IV.—HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

A LETTER is a written document, passing from A. to B., or *vice versa*, at a time when these two persons are precluded from communicating by word of mouth, either by distance or because they are not on speaking terms.

The origin of the art of letter-writing is lost in the mists of antiquity. JOSEPHUS mentions it as a well-known practice in his day, and later on in the world's history we have the well-known lines:

I had a letter to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best,

showing how the same idea occurred to different minds in ages far apart.

In order to write a letter recourse must be had to the materials acknowledged by the experience of ages to be the most suitable for the purpose. These are as follows:—

Paper.—This should be white, or any other colour the writer may prefer. It may be, and amongst the highest in the land usually is, stamped with the address of the writer, with any information relative to the distance of railway stations, telegraph offices, golf links or licensed houses that may be necessary. A crest also, preferably the writer's own, a coat-of-arms or a neat monogram, may be added for the sake of ornament or self-advertisement.

Pens.—These, originally constructed from the quill of the goose, or *anser vulgaris*, can now be purchased in boxes at the low price of three pence a dozen, while a handle of wood, metal, or some other hard material, is to be procured from most stationers at an inconsiderable sum.

Envelopes.—These are either square or oblong. The flaps are usually supplied with a coating of adhesive gum, to be moistened in a way which need

not be further particularised, in order to keep the communication private.

Ink.—This is a fluid of a dark colour, said by some to be extracted from the fish immortalised by *Captain Cuttle*, and is held in a pot of glass or metal. The supply can be replenished when it has run low.

Blotting-paper.—This preparation is called in French *papier buvard*, but the writer once heard of an Englishman

refuses to accept payment for them, and need not be pressed to do so. There is a cheaper form of stamp sold at a half-penny, but its colour, which is green, is not so pleasing to the eye.

Dictionary.—This will supply the writer with the proper spelling of the word "affectionately," or any others upon which he may be shaky.

Armed with these adjuncts to the art of letter-writing the student will now be in a position to get to the business of inditing an epistle.

There are people who write their letters in bed after breakfast. This posture is not to be recommended as a convenient one on account of bread-crumbs. Far better to sit down comfortably at a desk or table, square the elbows, hunch the shoulders, slightly but gracefully protrude the tongue, draw a long breath and set to work.

The chief lesson the novice must learn before he or she can hope to become an expert letter-writer is to adapt the tone of his or her correspondence to the different people to whom he or she may wish to write. Thus, a letter addressed by a lady to a draper complaining that the eight yards of *ruching* delivered did not come up to sample, and it is surprising that a

respectable firm should carry on in that way, must not be written in such affectionate terms as to bring the head of the establishment hurrying round with a proposal of marriage. Nor, on the other hand, should a letter in reply to a proposal from an acceptable suitor begin, "Dear Sir,—Yours of 30th ult. to hand and contents duly noted."

Bearing these simple directions in mind, the letter-writer may proceed to exercise his art with the hope of soon becoming, as the manuals put it, complete.



"GOOD GRACIOUS, MASTER TOMMY, WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING?"

"CAN'T FIND MY BEST BAGS ANYWHERE. IT'S JUST LIKE THE PATER TO PUT THEM ON BY MISTAKE, AND THEN GO TO CHURCH IN THEM!"

who entered a stationer's shop in Paris with the request, "*De la blosch, s'il vous plait*," and was immediately supplied.

Stamps.—When the letter is sent by post it is usual to affix a small portrait of the reigning monarch to the right-hand corner of the envelope, out of respect and loyalty. These little portraits are appropriately named "stamps," and, like the envelopes, are supplied with adhesive gum. Very good ones for the purpose can be purchased for one penny each at any post-office, or they may be borrowed from a friend, who usually



"AH!" said Mr. PUNCH with satisfaction, as his mind passed rapidly over the events of the preceding twelve months. "Ah! There's another year nearly done. I feel that I have very little to complain of. Take it all round, although there has perhaps been a shade too much Parliamentary indecision, it has been a good year, and it is closing very happily, for we have a new Cabinet, we are teaching our policemen Jujitsu, we have beaten the New Zealanders at last, and there is no influenza epidemic apparent."

"No," continued the Sage, "I think I have very little to grumble at, and I hope I am not singular in that belief."

It was at this point that Mr. PUNCH was made aware of the proximity of a stranger, apparently in the depths of perplexity, who approached him with extreme difficulty, owing to the burden of literature under which he staggered.

"Help! help!" cried the stranger. "Help! help!"

"My dear Sir," said Mr. PUNCH, "is there anything I can do for you? You seem to be burdened by books!"

"Indeed, I am," the stranger replied. "That is my complaint. I am burdened by books. I cannot get into my house for books. I cannot move about it for books, and I cannot leave it for books."

"How is that?" asked Mr. PUNCH. "Are you so inveterate a collector?"

"A collector? No, Sir. A collector is a happy man compared with me. A collector owns his books and can sell them. These are library books."

"But why do you have them?" the Sage inquired.

"Why, Sir? Because I cannot help it, Sir. Unlike Mr. BALFOUR, I am a reader of the newspapers, and every newspaper now forces library books on its patrons. I take in six daily papers; I therefore belong to six libraries. My wife and family take in eight weekly papers; they therefore belong to eight libraries. That, I think, makes fourteen libraries altogether, unless so much literature has ruined my arithmetic. Each of these libraries insists upon our having three books a day—forty-two in all."

"But you could discontinue your subscription," Mr. PUNCH gently suggested.

"No, Sir; impossible. This is an age of perusal. Burdensome as these books may be, I feel that it is my duty as an Englishman to try and master them. I feel that I ought to keep abreast of the intellectual life of the time. I ought to know what people are thinking. Even to expect to understand the differences between Protection and Retaliation is, I know, too much; but I think I ought to know the difference between conscription and universal military service. I ought to know whether the Man in the Iron Mask was JUNIUS. I ought to know the relative merits of petrol and white steam. I ought to know whether BACON wrote *Hammurabi*, or SHAKESPEARE wrote Mr. HALL CAINE; and if not, why not."

I ought to know how to keep a motor-car on an income of £800 a year. I want to belong to my age and choose a new religion. I want a new diet. I want to become a millionaire. And to do this I must read first the papers, and secondarily the books. I understand that one is not properly civilised unless one belongs to several libraries."

"Do you read old books as well as the new?" asked Mr. PUNCH.

"Oh no!" replied the heavily-burdened stranger. "The old books are no good; I am told by the assistants at the libraries that every writer who is dead or over forty is a back number—only the books which have been issued in the last two publishing seasons are of any use, have any real snap. Mental pabulum must be fresh if it is to nourish the brain and promote efficiency, or, I should rather say, effectiveness, for efficiency as a cry is more than nine months old. But even so it is hard to keep pace with all the new books. For instance, before I go to bed to-night I must finish a new treatise on Christian Science as applied to Voice Production, a new monograph on Manchuria, and a new novel called *The Sands of Bliss*."

"It seems to me," said Mr. PUNCH, musingly, "that, much as the excesses of the past are abused, and rightly too, I would almost rather be a three-bottle man than a three-book man."

"And that is not the worst," continued the stranger. "I can manage to get an idea of what the books mean; but there is Mr. SHAW as well. Nowadays, all persons with any claim to culture must keep abreast of Mr. SHAW, for does he not reign at the Court? Can you tell me what he is driving at?"

Mr. PUNCH having tactfully parried the question, his interlocutor proceeded:

"My wife goes to Mr. SHAW's plays, and is delighted when a character on the stage describes her and her fellow-women as harpies, or as *succubi*; but it does not amuse me. It enrages me. What am I to do? Is it I who am wrong, or Mr. SHAW? I don't know where I am, Sir. I don't know where I am. What we want is someone to point the way; to provide us with a straightforward road; to make most of all this literature unnecessary."

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, straightening himself, "you need not go so very far to find that guide, philosopher and friend. You want cheery, salutary, and genial satire; you want the best reading in small space; you want the cream of the journalistic record of the day; you want a healthy yet pungent criticism of life; you want wit without offence and humour without ambiguity? Very well, Sir. One man one vote may be a good cry in Politics, but one man one book is a better in Literature, when it is the right book. Allow me, therefore,—" and with a gracious gesture he handed to the stranger his

One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Volume.





Cartoons.

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Allies	245
At Last	425
Beginning at the Right End	389
Bewildered	329
Breaches of Promise	47
Christmas Toast (A)	461
1905-1906	280, 281
Eleventh Hour (The)	333
Forged	371
Gold Standard (The)	299
Last Weeks!	11
Lord High Obstructionist (The)	65
Melodrama in the Baltic	81
Parting (The)	227

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Peace - and After!	173
"Punch" d'Honneur (A)	101
Release (The)	535
Sensational Press (The)	317
Slip-Knot (The)	443
Tempress (The)	29
Triumph of Innocence (The)	191
Unemployable (The)	497
Why Not!	368
Yield of the Year (The)	119

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Call to Arms (The)	111
Chauffeur at the Gate of Paradise	3

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Getting to Work	435
Give and Take	57
Going Concern (A)	453
India's Homage	245
In the Baltic	163
L'Amitté Oblige	39
Nearly Done	93
New John Boulevard (The)	373
Not in the Picture	21
Only William's Way	309
On Tour	391
Optimist (The)	363
Best, not Rust	417
Shelved	153

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Bower of Tares (The)	197
"Tariff-ho!"	327
To the Memory of Henry Irving	291
Two Demand Notes (The)	396
Unlucky Cub (The)	353
Waiting his Turn	73

RAVEN-HILL, J.

Dream of Power (A)	193
"Edinburgh Review" (The)	301
Is it the Dawn?	147
Lightning Change (A)	237
One who Knows	219
Reticence à la Russe	129

Articles.

BEAMISH, H.

More Jiu-Jitsu Tricks	16
-----------------------------	----

BLAYLOCK, MISS

"Train up a Wife," &c.	100
------------------------------	-----

BOOTH, J. L. C.

Scent per Scent	438
-----------------------	-----

BRETHERTON, C. H.

After the Long Vacation	316
-------------------------------	-----

Garden Cure (The)

Lays of a Londoner .. 10, 26, 41, 96, 1-1	136
---	-----

To a Doused Growler

Tragedy and its Sequel (A)	426
----------------------------------	-----

BRIDGES, VICTOR

End of a Record Ministry (The)	332
--------------------------------------	-----

Football of the Future

Forgotten History	314
-------------------------	-----

New Profession (A)

Brookfield, C. E.	430
-------------------------	-----

"Oh dear! Where can the Motor be?"

Burnand, Sir F. C.	52
--------------------------	----

Afterthought (An)

Cap'n Drew Draws	144
------------------------	-----

Christmas Crackers and Cards

Dickensian Carr-Actors	366
------------------------------	-----

Dream and its Interpretation

Evenings Out	446
--------------------	-----

For the Benefit of City Business Men

From a Heart of Oak at Breast	54
-------------------------------------	----

Holiday-taker's Petition (A)

Honoured in the Bridge and its Observance	319
---	-----

Lost Chance (The)

Operatic Notes .. 17, 35, 53, 71, 269, 287, 302, 311, 339, 350, 362, 387	456
--	-----

Our Booking-Office .. 13, 36, 54, 72, 90, 108, 126, 144, 162, 180, 198, 216, 232, 270, 288, 306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 414, 432, 450

"Pilgrims of the Night"	80
-------------------------------	----

Private View of "Public Opinion"

"Prodigy Son" (The)	275
---------------------------	-----

Some Acting and Much Talking

Something Waiting	304
-------------------------	-----

Voyage to the Vines (A) .. 237, 275, 296, 312, 330

Burnet, W. Hodgson	290
--------------------------	-----

BURNET, W. HODGSON

Christmas Postal Guide	424
------------------------------	-----

Fly Leaves

Gifts and Givers	141
------------------------	-----

Legal Intelligence

Motor Notes of the Future	439
---------------------------------	-----

Self-Elevator (The)

Butterwell, B. R.	317
-------------------------	-----

Government by Motocry

Campbell, A. J.	445
-----------------------	-----

Art in Arcady

Ballade of Shattered Ideals (A)	114
---------------------------------------	-----

Disillusionment

Campbell, Gerald	153
------------------------	-----

August Idyll (An)

Confessions of a Bad Shot (The)	192
---------------------------------------	-----

Four-ball Break (A)

Carrick, Hartley	156
------------------------	-----

Counter Attractions

Men that Fought with Dizzy (The)	334
--	-----

Cochrane, Alfred

Perils of the Road (The)	413
--------------------------------	-----

To Chloë

Cox, F. J.	168
------------------	-----

Any Hard to any Typist

Dark, Richard	335
---------------------	-----

At a Test Match

Horace (not Hutchinson) on the Links	88
--	----

Like

Davis, R. K.	405
--------------------	-----

To a Fair Botanist

Deane, A. C.	282
--------------------	-----

Approach Shots

From an Editor's Post-Bag	483
---------------------------------	-----

Not a Prophet (The)

Hime of the Modern Mariner (The)	377
--	-----

Donaldson, W. L.

Our Village Eleven	102
--------------------------	-----

Eckersley, Arthur

Fairy Tale (A)	70
----------------------	----

Idea Exchange (The)

What to Do with Our Sons	178
--------------------------------	-----

Edmonds, F.

Canine Wonder (A)	108
-------------------------	-----

EGREMONT, G.

Reminiscence (A)	236
------------------------	-----

ELIAS, FRANK

Indulging in Personalities	338
----------------------------------	-----

Parliamentary Intelligence .. 424, 441

Emanuel, Walter	441
-----------------------	-----

Charivaria .. 7, 34, 37, 61, 78, 96, 114, 127, 145, 176, 185, 205, 231, 250, 260, 286, 305, 323, 335, 343, 376, 379, 412, 415, 442, 463

Engelman, Sydney C.	307
---------------------------	-----

Charm of the Charmer (The)

Perfecting the Parent	38
-----------------------------	----

Garvey, I.

Music Pirate (The)	203
--------------------------	-----

Not Guilty

Recipe for a Social	116
---------------------------	-----

Shocking Exposure (A)

Society Chatter	118
-----------------------	-----

To a Fashionable Beauty

Glover, Evelyn	331
----------------------	-----

Urbs in Rure

Gowers, Harry P.	194
------------------------	-----

Geometrical Boarding

Graves, C. L., and Lucas, E. V.	88
---------------------------------------	----

All about the New Cabinet

Artless Conversations	449
-----------------------------	-----

Art of Letter Writing .. 206, 248, 259

Aveburians	394
------------------	-----

Bright Rosalind (The)

C.-B. Analogy (The)	19, 55
---------------------------	--------

Dainty Animals

Dead and the Quick (The)	186
--------------------------------	-----

"Dimes" (The)

Dream Correspondence	234
----------------------------	-----

Dual Debates

Economists; or, Ware Wire	845
---------------------------------	-----

Extracts from the Diary of a Lively Schoolmaster

Extracts from the Diary of a Statesman	404
--	-----

For Heroes and Leanders

Golfer's Protest (The)	314
------------------------------	-----

Great Literary Mystery (A)

Half-Ses-Over Edition (The)	151
-----------------------------------	-----

Graves, C. L., and Lucas, E. V.

Illustrations	374
---------------------	-----

Imitator Percy (Too)

In the Discoing Room	216
----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

John Ball Junior	431
------------------------	-----

Jumbos

Latin on the Links	131
--------------------------	-----

"Life Below Stairs"

Lines on the Links	20
--------------------------	----

Let, ye Ladies

Looker-on sees Life (The)	42
---------------------------------	----

Millionaires at Bay

More Dream Correspondence	199
---------------------------------	-----

More Elipse Humours

More Entente	218
--------------------	-----

Mr. Bigtree Brand's New Play

Mr. Cary's Post-Bag	440
---------------------------	-----

Mr. Punch's "First Treatment"

Series	348
--------------	-----

Mr. Punch's Travel Talk

Mr. Swinburne's Novel	92
-----------------------------	----

Musical Notes

New Cricket (The)	392
-------------------------	-----

New Lights on Hellas

Notabilia Flota	107
-----------------------	-----

Otium Maritum

Plague of Book-borrowing (The)	374
--------------------------------------	-----

Plaint of the Bachelor Uncle

Plea for the Dove (A)	294
-----------------------------	-----

Public Spirit

Seasonable Questions	124
----------------------------	-----

Should Doctors Disagree?

Singular Adventure of a Pet Bom-bay Duck	181
--	-----

Sir Gargle

Solid Appreciation	242
--------------------------	-----

Something for Nothing

Sorrow of Genius (The)	420
------------------------------	-----

Studies in Journalism

Sub-Editor's Aunt (The)	352
-------------------------------	-----

Sun and Air

Thoughts on Drink in Time of Drought	30
--	----

To Andrew Lang

Two-and-Two make Four Casts	244
-----------------------------------	-----

Uncommon Pets

Unwomanly Men	163
---------------------	-----

Was Mr. Gladstone a Vocalist?

Was Mr. Gladstone a Vocalist?	371
-------------------------------------	-----

Articles—continued.

GUTHRIE, ANSTAY	LEHMANN, R. C.	MILNE, A. A.	SEAMAN, OWEN
By the Round Pond	Autumn Thoughts	Authority on Education (An)	Seamy Side of Motley (The)
Final Stave of "A Christmas Carol" (The)	Coming of "Togo" (The)	Last Test (The)	Tonic for the Dumps (A)
Lights of Spencer Primmitt's Mys	Five o'Clock at Olympus	Lillian	"Twixt the Cup and the Lip"
More about the "Psychic Parcel Post"	Frederickstradersreform	Place of Wild Nonsense (The)	Why Wales Won
Our Booking-Office	Kaiser (The)	Place of Wild Nonsense (The)	Yerkes's Jerkers
Political Economy in the Park	Little Boy Blue	Seolicians	SENIOR, W.
Rather Remarkable Regiment (A)	Nature Studies	Seal and the Polar Bear (The)	Blank on the 'Scutcheon (A)
Unhonoured Heroes	Our Booking-Office	Seal and the Polar Bear (The)	Professional Matinee (A)
HANKIN, ST. JOHN	Past and Present	PARRY, D.	SMITH, R. MUDIE
Hard Case (A)	Queen's Gift (The)	Un-common-law Procedure	Church and Stage
HINCKS, C. MALCOLM	Wonderful Boy of Old (The)	POPE, JESSIE	Definitions
Journalism Up-to-date	LISTER, BERTRAM	Bathing Machine (The)	SYKES, A. A.
HOARE, J. DOUGLAS	Young Idea (The)	Bilkington Squire	All Hands to the Boats
Change and Rest	LODGE, A. A.	Everlasting Test (The)	Cabs à la Russe
Cricket of the Future (The)	Editor's Regrets—and Mine	How to Beat the New Zealanders	Cold Comfort
Marriage Market (The)	LUCK, H. W.	How to Give a (Back) Garden Party	Dust-bin Era (The)
Masculine and Feminine	At Anchor	Mail-Cart Dialogues	Economics of Tipping (The)
Military Notes	By the Waters of Windermere	New Zealand Zingis	Fate of London (The)
Should Millers wear White Hats?	"C. B." Premier	REED, E. T.	Holidays at Home
HOME, ALICE	Essence of Parliament	Tablets of Asit-tigeth-Miphani, the Scribe	In Defence of Fairy Tales
How to Keep Cool	George Again	RIVERS, EDWARD T.	Just 1235 Years more
Ladies' Column (The)	Our Booking-Office	Automotorcaric Company, Ltd.	No-Hat Crusade (The)
Nerves in Nubia	306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 386, 414, 432, 450	ROBINSON, MRS. NORMAN	Questionable Style (A)
HOPKINS, E. T.	"Pussy"	Golden Rules for the Nursery	Ripper Years
Angling Notes	Stage of Queen Anne's Gate (The)	ROWAN, HILL	Simian Muse (The)
HUGHES, C. E.	LUNLEY, LYCIPH	In Corpore Sano	Spade's Progress (The)
Great Handkerchief Problem (The)	Ripples from the Piers	New Literat Humaniores (The)	"Suds" Tripas (The)
Plastic	MAAS, W. H.	Riviera "Petite Vitesse" (The)	TAROR, R. M.
Problems and Surprises	Door-slides (The)	ROWE, J. CLIFFORD	Cricket
Public Buffoon (The)	Straphanger (The)	Modes for Men	New Broom and the New Birch
HUTCHINSON, A. G. M.	MACKENZIE, A. G.	RUSSELL, FOX	TAYLER, SYDNEY J.
What to Eat and Drink in Hot Weather	International Twosome (An)	Vi et Armis	Child Poetry
KENDALL, CAPTAIN	Winter Hat (The)	SEAMAN, OWEN	Complaint of Kind Inquiries (A)
Birthday Song (A)	Marshall, Archibald	Blue Peril (The)	THOMAS, LESLIE
Coming of Autumn (The)	"How To" Papers (The)	Corrective for the Gods (A)	Modern Knight-errant (A)
Golf Habit (The)	MARTIN, N. R.	Debt of Honour (A)	THOMSON, W.
Love's Colours	Facts you Ought to Know	Dog pour Rire (A)	Pet-Dog's Manual of Etiquette for Visitors (The)
My Com-ody	Answer to Correspondent	England expects!	TURNER, DENIS
My Tailor's Bill	MENZIES, G. K.	Great Expectations	Too Much Strain
Record Move (A)	Age of Education (The)	Horror of Peace (The)	WATT, H.
To a Fur-lined Coat	American Modesty	How to Behave at Bridge	Industrious Hen (The)
Whitewash	Author's Doom (The)	"Independence Day"	Question (A)
KINROSS, CHARLES	Bowdler Free	In Memoriam—Henry Irving	WHITE, E. P.
"Mémoires"	Cautious Lover (The)	In Memoriam—Thomas John Barnardo	Equimaux Revival (The)
KNOX, E. G. V.	Domestic Life	Intelligent Anticipations	WHITE, R. F.
Alchemy of Ink (The)	Exact Science (An)	Inward Beauty	Failure
Amazon's Complaint (The)	From High Altitudes	Lest you Remember	WILKES, HENRY E.
Crossing the Channel	Highland Housekeeping	Liberal Split (The)	Idyll of the Cricket Field (An)
Gentle Craft (The)	Il Rustico	Missing Word (The)	WILLIAMS, F. HARCOURT
New Guide to the Lakes (A)	Jean and Jim	Old Songs (The)	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing
Ontological Evolution	John the Post	Oral Questions and Written Answers	WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Young Idea	Neurasthenic Bee (The)	Our Booking-Office	Hero and his Price (The)
LANGLEY, F. O.	Telephone Triplets	Personal Note (The)	WOODHOUSE, C. A.
Interview that Failed (The)	Undesirable Ideal (The)	Richard above himself again	Fashion's Phases
			WOOD, LAURENCE
			Daring Damsel (The)

Pictures and Sketches.

ALDIN, CECIL	90
ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM	5, 25, 37, 51, 69, 87, 105, 118, 136, 154, 167, 195, 208, 232, 244, 265, 283, 301, 337, 340, 365, 388, 403, 427, 451
BAUMER, LEWIS	9, 77, 149, 271, 311
BOOTH, J. L. C.	459
BOWRING, W. A.	109, 142
BROCK, C. E.	117, 133, 297, 421
BROCK, H. M.	45, 52, 63, 81, 169, 187, 333, 395, 413, 439
BROWNE, TOM	139, 207, 217, 243
CLEAVE, REGINALD	19
COWHAM, HILDA	79, 464
GREGG, JAMES	261
GREY, R.	376
HARDY, DUDLEY	17, 35, 53, 71, 89, 115
HARRISON, CHARLES	197, 251, 340, 409, 430
KING, GUNNING	33, 41, 113, 175, 190, 211, 247, 267, 275, 295, 319, 329, 355, 373, 391, 397, 423, 445
KIRKPATRICK, W.	97
LEETE, ALFRED	377
LEWIN, F. G.	268
MILLS, WALLIS	43, 59, 91, 151, 171, 225, 259, 313, 369, 405, 463
NORTON, VAL	124
PEGRAM, FRED	7, 131, 253, 441
RACKHAM, ARTHUR	15, 127, 161, 163, 221, 232, 269, 289, 347, 394



RAVEN-HILL, L.	10, 28, 34, 46, 64, 82, 100, 123, 172, 179, 250, 262, 278, 298, 316, 334, 352, 370, 385, 406, 412, 424, 431, 437, 438, 442, 460
READ, HOPE	239, 305, 325, 359
REED, E. T.	13, 14, 31, 32, 49, 50, 67, 68, 85, 86, 103, 104, 121, 141, 157, 159, 177, 193, 213, 231, 249, 285, 303, 321, 339, 357, 375, 393, 411, 429, 446, 447, 456, 457
RICHARDSON, CHARLES	88, 286, 304, 448
RICHARDSON, R. J.	415
ROWLAND, RALPH	196, 214, 235, 287, 323
ROWNTREE, HARRY	143
SANDOURSK, E. LISLEY	1
SHAW, BYAN	361
SHEPPERSON, C.	23, 185, 205
SMITH, A. T.	107, 125
SOMERVILLE, HOWARD	61, 189
SURPRISE, W. R.	449, 458
STAMPA, G. L.	27, 153
STOKER, VERNON	322
SULLIVAN, J. F.	181, 223, 315, 387
THACKERAY, L.	135, 145, 160, 178, 179, 203, 229, 341, 358
THOMAS, BERT	235, 351, 379
TOWNSEND, F. H.	73, 95, 226, 241, 257, 277, 293, 307, 331, 343, 367, 383, 401, 419, 433, 455
WILLIAMSON, F. M.	215
WRIGHT, ALAN	55
WRIGHT, FRANK	199

4
0
9
6
2
8
6
15
08
81
59
70
60
43
73
110
00,
16,
31,
59
38,
77,
39,
57
48
15
23
43
1
61
205
25
89
458
153
322
387
03,
379
93,
55
215
55
199